**FAMILY GUY**

"Episode 420"

Production #6ACX16

Written by

Patrick Meighan

Directed by

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Created by

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Executive Producers

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TABLE DRAFT
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# "EPISODE 420"

CAST LIST FOR #6ACX16:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE

LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)

CHRIS GRIFFIN..... SETH GREEN (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)

MEG GRIFFIN.....MILA KUNIS (SUB: RACHAEL MACFARLANE)

STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE

BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE

CLEVELAND.....MIKE HENRY

ANDY CARD.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)

ARMENIAN GUY #1..... TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)

ARMENIAN GUY #2.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)

ASIAN LADY COP.....TBD (SUB: CHERRY CHEVAPRAVATDUMRONG)

BABY DARTH VADER..... TBD (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)

BYSTANDER #2.....TBD

BYSTANDER #1.....TBD

CARTER..... SETH MACFARLANE

CHRISTY BROWN. .....TBD (SUB: PATRICK MEIGHAN)

CLERK.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)

CAT..... TBD (RACHAEL MACFARLANE)

CROWD.....TBD (MIKE HENRY, SETH MACFARLANE, CHRIS SHERIDAN, ALEC SULKIN)

DIANE SIMMONS..... TBD (RACHAEL MACFARLANE)

GUY #1 .....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)

GUY #2.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)

HERBERT.....MIKE HENRY

JEFFREY..... SETH MACFARLANE

JOE..... PATRICK WARBURTON (SUB: JOHN VIENER)

MALE STORM TROOPER..... TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)

MAN.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)

MAN #2.....TBD (SUB: WELLESLEY WILD)

MAYOR WEST.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)

OLLIE WILLIAMS.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)

PERFORMANCE ARTIST.....MIKE HENRY

POLICE OFFICER #1.....TBD (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)

POLICE OFFICER #2.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)

QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE
RALLY ATTENDEE.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
SEAMUS.....SETH MACFARLANE
TOM TUCKER.....SETH MACFARLANE
TRICIA TAKANAWA.....TBD (RACHAEL MACFARLANE)
TV ANNOUNCER..... TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
WHITE SALESMAN.....TBD (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)
WOMAN.....TBD (RACHAEL MACFARLANE)

**ACT ONE**

**EXT./ESTAB. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY**

**INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME**

PETER, CLEVELAND and JOE are at their table, watching TV.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We now return to Judd Apatow's

"Knocked Down."

**INT. HOUSE - DAY (ON TV)**

A MAN and a WOMAN are talking in a hallway.

WOMAN

I'm pregnant.

MAN

Not anymore.

**WIDEN TO REVEAL** a nearby staircase. He shoves her down it.

**INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)**

PETER

Judd Apatow knows how America talks.

Peter's cell phone **rings.** Peter looks at the screen. It says, "Quagmire Calling" with a picture of QUAGMIRE sitting on the john, holding his hands out as if surprised his picture is being taken.

PETER

(INTO PHONE) Hey, Quagmire.

QUAGMIRE (O.S.)

Peter, I want you and the guys to come

over to my house right now.

PETER

We're drinking. What for?

QUAGMIRE (O.S.)

Just come over. I want you to see something.

PETER

(SIGHS) Alright. (HANGS UP) Come on guys, we're going to Quagmire's.

JOE

Aw, we just sat down! (BEAT) None of you sons-of-bitches better make a joke about that.

**EXT./ESTAB. QUAGMIRE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Peter, Cleveland and Joe approach the front door. They **knock**. Quagmire opens it.

QUAGMIRE

Oh, finally. Come on, come on. Come on inside.

He hustles them in.

**INT. QUAGMIRE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

PETER

Well, what is it? What's the big damn deal?

QUAGMIRE

(POINTING AND SMILING SWEETLY, BITING LOWER LIP) Look.

**ANGLE ON** a CAT, lying on the couch, looking at the guys.

JOE

It's a cat.

QUAGMIRE

Yeah! I just got him today. His name's James. Isn't he just the cutest thing you've ever seen? Hi, James.

CAT

(MEOWS)

QUAGMIRE

(DELIGHTED) Oh my god! Watch when I scratch his bottom, he sticks his fanny in the air.

Quagmire starts to scratch the cat's backside, and it lifts its butt off the couch.

QUAGMIRE

(DELIGHTED) Oh, we have lift-off! We have lift-off! (LAUGHS) Oh-ha-ha-ohhhh, come here, James!

Quagmire picks James up and cuddles with him. The cat kneads Quagmire's chest.

QUAGMIRE

Look at his little paws. Oh, and watch, he rubs his cheek on the side of my furniture to mark his territory.

He puts the cat down, and the cat rubs its cheek on the side of the chair.

QUAGMIRE

Uhp, look at that! That's yours now, isn't it?

CLEVELAND

(BEAT) The hell are we doin'?!

PETER

Quagmire, since when do you like cats?

QUAGMIRE

Since I found this little guy living under my house.

CLEVELAND

Fuck this. I'll be outside with my pack of Kools. (HOLDS UP PACK TO CAMERA) There's nothing like the smooth, uptown flavor of a Kool. Gives me that exciting menthol taste, and freshens my breath, all for about the price of a jar of baby food. (TAKES A DRAG AND LOOKS BACK AT CAMERA) Mmm. Just right. So, make it a Kool night.

Two BLACK WOMEN appear next to him on both sides. One of them puts a fedora on his head, and they put their arms in his. They all then walk off together as we hear a sexy **saxophone.**

PETER

It's just not something I would've expected from you, Quagmire.

QUAGMIRE

I didn't expect it either. But I'll tell you this: I understand now why the pharaohs worshipped these animals. (BEAT) Oh, look, Joe, he's making friends.

**WIDEN DOWN TO INCLUDE** the cat, which is using Joe's leg as a scratching post. The cat has clawed through Joe's pants and is now **ripping through the flesh** of Joe's leg.

QUAGMIRE

Oh, sorry.

JOE

It's alright, I kinda like the attention.

**EXT./ESTAB. QUAGMIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**INT. QUAGMIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Quagmire sits in bed, watching TV with the cat. We hear the closing **theme** of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show."

QUAGMIRE

Okay, here it comes, James. Here comes the part I was telling you about.

**ANGLE ON** the TV. We see the live-action MTM logo with the KITTEN. **ANGLE BACK ON** an excited Quagmire.

QUAGMIRE

(TO CAT) Aaa, you're one of those!

**EXT./ESTAB. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY**

**INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME**

Peter, Brian, Cleveland and Joe are in the booth.

CLEVELAND

I hate Quagmire lately.

JOE

Me, too. That cat has totally changed his personality.

PETER

Yeah, have you heard his answering machine?

**INT. QUAGMIRE'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

We are close on Quagmire's answering machine. The phone **rings**, and the machine picks up.

QUAGMIRE (O.S.-ON MACHINE)

Hi, you've reached the home of Quagmire and...(WHISPERING) c'mon... it's your turn...

CAT (O.S.-ON MACHINE)

(CAT MEOWS)

QUAGMIRE (O.S.-ON MACHINE)

Leave a message and either Quagmire or...

CAT (O.S.-ON MACHINE)

(CAT MEOWS)

QUAGMIRE (O.S.-ON MACHINE)

...will call you back.

**INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)**

Quagmire enters.

QUAGMIRE

Hey guys, it's James's birthday tomorrow. Would you all sign his card?

PETER

You want us to sign a card for your cat?

QUAGMIRE

Yeah, and don't just put your name, try and write something clever.

PETER

God, I hate havin' to come up with something on the spot. Uh... (WRITING) "Have a mice day. Best fishes. Peter."

QUAGMIRE

(SIGHS, DISAPPOINTED) Thanks, that's great.

The card gets passed around and the rest of the guys sign.

QUAGMIRE

Well, I gotta get goin'. I'm heading off to Vermont to get James' birthday present. There's this neat little store called Cattitudes that makes all this neat cat stuff. See you guys later.

Quagmire exits.

JOE

What a queer.

CLEVELAND

He's goin' all the way to Vermont for cat gifts and what-not? You can get a scratching post down at Walmart for two dollars. Pair of Lee jeans for nine dollars. You know, they got seats for children now you put right in your car? Supposed to make 'em safer. Only problem is, you can't lean your seat all the way back-- Oh.

We **WIDEN TO REVEAL** Cleveland is all alone.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY**

**INT. GRIFFIN'S LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Peter, Brian, Cleveland and Joe sit, drinking beers.

PETER

We gotta do something about this. His whole life is about that stupid cat.

CLEVELAND

And every email from him is like 4 megs, 'cause of all the damn cat photos. Ties up the WebTV for like fifteen, twenty minutes.

PETER

Hey, you know, the cat's alone at Quagmire's right now. You know what we should do?

JOE

Go cripple it! So it can't please its wife anymore! And it gets demoted to mostly desk jobs on the force and everyone talks about me when they think I can't hear them. But they'll get theirs someday! Oh, they'll get theirs.

PETER

Uh, I was thinking we shave it.

BRIAN

Ha ha!

CLEVELAND

Hell yeah!

JOE

(SOFTLY) They'll get theirs.

**EXT./ESTAB. QUAGMIRE'S HOUSE - DAY**

**INT. QUAGMIRE'S HOUSE - SAME**

Peter, BRIAN, Joe and Cleveland enter, cautiously.

JOE

Alright, the cat's gotta be in here.

Brian, can you sniff it out?

Brian sniffs.

BRIAN

There've been horses here, but not recently.

CLEVELAND

Check out all them cat toys.

PETER

Aw, sweet!

Peter notices a carpet-lined climbing tower. He climbs to the top of the tower and perches there.

PETER

Lookit me. I'm safe 'cause I can see everything.

BRIAN

There's the cat!

Brian reaches under the sofa and grabs the cat.

JOE

Rock and roll!

PETER

Yeah! Shavin' time! This is gonna be the worst thing to happen to a cat since Cat 9/11.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (CUTAWAY)**

A CAT bats around a ball of yarn. ANDY CARD enters and comes in close to whisper to the cat.

ANDY CARD

Whiskers, a plane has hit the North Tower. America is under attack.

The cat pauses for a beat, a stunned look on its face. The cat then resumes playing with the ball of yarn.

**INT. QUAGMIRE'S HOUSE - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)**

Peter has the cat.

PETER

Alright, hand me the razor.

Brian hands him a straight razor. Peter lowers it to the cat (out of frame). Suddenly an alarming shaft of blood **spurts** into frame. The cat **howls** and then goes silent.

CLEVELAND

Oh my god!

BRIAN

Peter, you killed it!

PETER

(BEAT) Hey, you guys want to see a dead cat body?

JOE

Peter, we're all standing right here.

CLEVELAND

What do we do?

BRIAN

Alright, I have an idea. How about we hide the cat's body and leave that window open? Then, it'll seem like the cat ran away.

PETER

No, that's stupid. We stick a firecracker in its corpse and make it look like a simple accident.

JOE

(BEAT) I think we should do what Brian said.

**EXT./ESTAB. ROAD IN THE WILDERNESS - DAY**

We see Peter's car driving down the road. It is swerving slightly.

**INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY**

We **PAN** from the back seat (where the cat's carcass sits, wrapped in a bloody sheet, alongside shovels), to the front seat, where Peter drives while drinking beer.

PETER

(DRUNK) Say what you want, but we got the perfect day for this, eh, buddy?

Peter pounds the rest of his beer, fires the empty into the back seat and opens another.

BRIAN

You know, Peter, it's sort of adding insult to injury, raiding Quagmire's fridge for beer after you killed his cat.

PETER

(DRUNK) Or is it?... Is my response.

Suddenly, a police car pulls up behind them, lights flashing.

PETER

Aw, crap. (PULLING OVER) I hope this goes better than the time I was pulled over by that Asian lady cop.

**EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Peter's car is pulled over and Peter sits in the drivers' seat as an ASIAN LADY COP approaches.

ASIAN LADY COP

Sir, do you have any idea how fast you were going?

PETER

I know, me speedy long time. (LAUGHS) No, but I was well over the limit.

The cop unholsters her weapon.

**INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)**

Peter and Brian nervously wait as TWO POLICE OFFICERS approach (one to either side of the car).

POLICE OFFICER #1

What do we got, partner?

POLICE OFFICER #2

(PEERING THROUGH PETER'S CAR WINDOWS) Empty alcohol containers, the driver is inebriated and covered in blood, he's got scratches on his face and arms, there's a blood-soaked corpse in the backseat, got shovels in there, and a hand-drawn map titled "This Is Where We'll Hide The Body."

POLICE OFFICER #1

Well, that all seems fine. (TO PETER)

Sorry to bother you, sir.

Just as the police are turning to leave, a tiny baggie of marijuana falls out from under Brian's collar.

POLICE OFFICER #2

POT! SMALL AMOUNT OF POT!

The two police officers aim their sidearms at Brian.

POLICE OFFICER #2

You're under arrest, dirtbag!

The cops drag Brian from the car.

POLICE OFFICER #1

(TO PETER) Are you and your date

alright to drive home, sir?

**ANGLE ON** Peter, with his arm around the limp, bloody cat corpse.

PETER

Just fine. Aren't we, honey?

Peter pretends to make out with the cat, then **vomits** all over it.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY**

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME**

The GRIFFINS eat lunch. Peter enters with Brian.

PETER

Alright, Brian is back from jail, so start cooking up your prison rape jokes. I'll break the ice: Boy, Brian poops like a soft-serve ice cream dispenser now. Chris, your turn.

LOIS

Peter, stop it! Brian, welcome home. Would you like a donut to sit on? See, I'm part of it, like everyone else! Hahaha!

STEWIE

I've got one. Hey, Brian, if you fart-- No, wait, if the blow-dryer breaks-- No, no, wait--

BRIAN

I can't believe this!

STEWIE

Oh, come on--

BRIAN

I spent three nights in jail because of a quarter ounce of pot!

PETER

Well, that's what you get for doin' drugs, ya sack of drugs.

BRIAN

Me?! You were drinking and driving and got off scot free!

PETER

Yeah, but you're supposed to drink and drive.

BRIAN

No, you're not!

PETER

Well, we agree to disagree.

CHRIS

Brian's a criminal! This is more exciting than when the TV promo guy gets surprised by his own promo.

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Chris watches television.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Tonight, on "Golden Girls," it's a twin bill of comedy, when Bea Arthur gets a surprise visit from... *Bea Arthur*?!

CHRIS

Ha ha! He didn't see that comin'.

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO PRESENT)**

Brian continues to rant while the rest of the family eats.

BRIAN

The war on drugs in this country is a complete waste of time and resources.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I mean, all the criminals loose on the streets and I get arrested for pot?!

STEWIE

You know what else is loose, Brian--

BRIAN

I mean, it's just not fair!

STEWIE

(THROWS UP HANDS) Oh, thank you.

LOIS

Well, Brian, it was pretty stupid of you to get caught.

MEG

And it was stupid of you to do drugs in the first place. Haven't you seen those commercials?

**EXT. CRUDELY DRAWN YELLOW BACKGROUND - X (CUTAWAY)**

We see a STICK FIGURE smoking a joint, as on the anti-marijuana PSA's. A crudely drawn DOG moves into frame. A speech bubble comes out of the stick figure's head that reads "Stop looking at me. I can stop smoking weed any time I want." A speech bubble comes out of the dog's head that reads "How about now?" The stick figure answers "Next week is better." The dog says "You disappoint me." The stick figure says "I don't care, you're a dog." The dog says "I don't have to take that from a Jew." The stick figure says "Whoa! And you're criticizing me for smoking pot, you anti-Semite? And besides, my dad's Jewish and my mom's protestant." The dog says, "Whatever, man. Hey, can you move your car, I gotta go to work." The stick figure says "Okay, let me just finish this weed." The dog says "Okay."

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)**

PETER

Yeah, those commercials are way better if you're stoned.

BRIAN

(ANGRY SIGH) I'm going into the other room to work on my novel. (POINTEDLY) And I'll be smoking pot while I do it! I hope that's not a problem for you, society!

Brian exits to the living room. They all sit there for a beat.

LOIS

What a dink.

**THROUGH THE WINDOW**, we see Quagmire in the street, searching for his cat. He holds a box of cat food and **shakes** it.

QUAGMIRE

(CALLING) James! Come get your din-din! James! (THEN, STERN) James Michael Quagmire, you come!

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY**

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Brian sits on the couch, typing on his laptop. There's smoke in the air and a bong on the end table. Brian is stoned.

BRIAN

(WHILE TYPING) "And as he was brutally violated in that prison cell, Ryan knew, this didn't make him any less of a man. If anything, it made him more of a man..."

There's a knock on the front door.

JOE (O.S.)

Open up, Brian, it's Joe.

BRIAN

Crap. (CALLING OUT) Just a sec!

Brian waves away the smoke, hides the bong and opens the door, revealing Joe, wearing his police uniform.

JOE

Brian, under your probation, you're required to submit to random drug tests. (RE: JAR) I need some urine.

BRIAN

You mean right now?

JOE

Yes, right now. (HANDING HIM MAGAZINES) Here're some magazines to get you goin'.

BRIAN

Uh, how's that gonna--

JOE

Oh, sorry, it's been a while. (TAKES MAGAZINES BACK)

BRIAN

Look, I don't really feel comfortable doing this in front of you.

JOE

Fine, I'll wait outside. (HANDING HIM A BOTTLE) Here's a bottle of lotion.

BRIAN

Uh, Joe--

JOE

Right. Sorry.

Joe takes back the bottle and exits, closing the door. Stewie enters.

BRIAN

Stewie! I need your urine!

STEWIE

(HAPPY GASP) Really?

**CUT TO A SINGLE SHOT** of Brian.

BRIAN

Yeah, Joe's doing a drug test and if I give him some of mine, he's gonna know I've been smoking pot, so I need some of your urine so I can--

**WIDEN TO REVEAL** Stewie, who's naked.

BRIAN

Uh, you don't have to be naked for this.

STEWIE

But I don't have to not be naked for it, either. Ah-haaa. Wanna make out, see what it's like?

BRIAN

What?

STEWIE

Gimme the cup.

BRIAN

God, this is more humiliating than being the only non-Armenian guy working in an electronics store.

**INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY (CUTAWAY)**

A NON-ARMENIAN WHITE SALESMAN is surrounded by other salesmen, who are all ARMENIANS.

ARMENIAN GUY #1

Look at the big shot who doesn't wear cologne.

ARMENIAN GUY #2

Mr. Deodorant.

ARMENIAN GUY #1

How do you expect to get customers if they can't smell you from the sidewalk?

WHITE SALESMAN

Come on, guys, let's just sell some electronics.

ARMENIAN GUY #1

Whatever you say, Mr. Buttons Up Most Of His Buttons.

ARMENIAN GUY #2

How can a woman see your necklace?

WHITE SALESMAN

I don't have a necklace.

ARMENIAN GUY #1

Then what do you wear when you drive in your yellow 1992 Mercedes?

**EXT. WHARF - DAY**

Brian approaches SEAMUS.

BRIAN

Seamus, I need some of your urine.

You think you could help me out?

SEAMUS

Of course, Brian. Grab that pail and

hang it on me tap.

Brian picks up a pail and hangs it on Seamus' crotch.

SEAMUS

Now come back in twenty-four hours and

bring your appetite for hotcakes.

**EXT. JOE'S FRONT YARD - DAY**

Joe naps in his wheelchair. Brian sneaks under Joe's chair with an empty jar. He taps into a bag beneath Joe's chair, and we hear his jar **fill** with liquid. Joe begins to stir.

JOE

(HALF-ASLEEP) Is that you, Pee-bag

Fairy?

BRIAN

(FALSETTO) Uh... yes, it's me. Go

back to sleep.

JOE

I knew you were real, Pee-bag Fairy.

**EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY**

Quagmire tapes a "LOST CAT" flyer up to a light pole. Brian is there, talking to him.

BRIAN

Hey, don't worry, Quagmire. I'm sure

he'll turn up. Anyway, you think you

can help me out with some urine?

QUAGMIRE

Yeah, sure, no problem.

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Joe is there, talking to Brian.

JOE

Brian, I need to talk to you about your last urine sample.

BRIAN

What's the problem?

JOE

Well, it tested negative for marijuana, but positive for AIDS, Chlamydia, gonorrhea, syphilis, herpes, the clap, penis worms, and some sort of sex disease normally found only in raccoons. But the doctors say that, somehow, the diseases all sorta have each other in a standoff.

BRIAN

Okay.

JOE

(HANDS OVER JAR) Anyway, it's that time again.

BRIAN

Okey doke. Lemme take this upstairs. You're welcome to follow me.

JOE

Uh, no. I'll just wait here. I mean, I could go upstairs. There's a way to do that, but I'll-- I'll just stay.

Brian exits upstairs, jar in hand.

**INT. STEWIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Lois enters to see Brian holding Stewie (with his pants down) over the jar.

LOIS

Brian, what the hell?!

BRIAN

(BEAT, CAUGHT) Hey, Lois.

STEWIE

(GASP) The jig's up, Brian. Run!

Stewie starts pumping his arms and legs, running in the air.

LOIS

Brian, is this how you've been passing your drug tests? By stealing a baby's urine? My god, that is just sick!

BRIAN

No, what's sick is making marijuana illegal when it's been proven that it does less damage to you than alcohol.

STEWIE

No, what's sick is when storm troopers have a baby.

**INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - DAY (CUTAWAY)**

A FEMALE STORM TROOPER is giving birth as a MALE STORM TROOPER holds her hand.

MALE STORM TROOPER

Push, honey, push!

The female storm trooper **pushes** and the DOCTOR reaches between her legs and pulls out a BABY DARTH VADER.

MALE STORM TROOPER

What the hell?!

BABY DARTH VADER

(BREATHING SOUND) Waaa! (BREATHING SOUND) Waaa! (BREATHING SOUND) Waaa!

**INT. STEWIE'S BEDROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)**

LOIS

Brian, when you have to go to these lengths just to get away with smoking pot, it's time to make a change.

BRIAN

You're right, Lois. It is time to make a change.

LOIS

Thank you.

BRIAN

It's time for Quahog to legalize marijuana! And I'm gonna lead the charge!

STEWIE

Ooh ooh! When Brian was in jail, his favorite football team was the Packers. (PUMPS FIST) Yes! (LOUDLY) I GOT ONE!

**EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG PARK - MARIJUANA LEGALIZATION RALLY - DAY**

**EXT. RALLY - UP ON STAGE - DAY**

Brian speaks from the stage, as Stewie stands nearby.

BRIAN

No more oppression! We, as American adults with free will, have the right to use marijuana if we choose to!

STEWIE

And the right to chicken done right, don't forget that.

BRIAN

(IGNORING STEWIE) Enough government profiteering under the guise of morality! Enough with the phony war on drugs! Enough of this dark, joyless police state!

**WIDEN TO REVEAL** that there is only a sparse AUDIENCE, which is happily throwing frisbees, **strumming** guitars, and enjoying the summer day.

STEWIE

Not sure they can hear you over all that oppression.

BRIAN

Guys, could you not throw the frisbee? It's distracting. To me, especially.

RALLY ATTENDEE

Oh sure, well, we can throw this stick around.

BRIAN

Again, I would find that distracting.

RALLY ATTENDEE

Is it okay if we play with these Beggin' Strips?

BRIAN

This is going nowhere.

STEWIE

Skip the speechifying, Brian. You wanna win people over, you have to put it in song form.

As **music** begins to play, Stewie launches into song.

STEWIE

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME ON FANCY TALK, 'CAUSE THAT WILL NEVER SWAY. / IF YOU SING A JAUNTY TUNE, THEY'LL DO JUST WHAT YOU SAY. / JUST SING A SONG! AND DO SOME STUFF! /'CAUSE THAT'S ENOUGH! TO CONVINCE 'EM OF STUFF!

BRIAN

You're right. (SINGING) AS MISTER H.L. MENCKEN SAID, THE COMMON MAN'S A FOOL. / AND JUST LIKE HELEN KELLER SAID, "DOOF DOOGIE BEEBOO BOOL." / SO I'LL SING A SONG! AND DO SOME STUFF! /'CAUSE THAT'S ENOUGH! TO CONVINCE 'EM OF STUFF!

**ANGLE ON** a couple of BYSTANDERS.

BYSTANDER #1

Hey, that dog over there is singing about something!

BYSTANDER #2

Let's hear him out!

A crowd begins to gather around Brian and Stewie.

STEWIE

AND DON'T FORGET A DANCE PART. TO

MAKE 'EM ALL SAY WOW.

BRIAN

ALRIGHT, HERE COMES A DANCE PART.

JUST LIKE YOU SAID JUST NOW.

Brian dances down the street, followed by an ever-growing CROWD of Quahogians. They end up at Quahog City Hall, where MAYOR WEST watches.

BRIAN

SO LEGALIZE MARIJUANA / 'CAUSE I'M

TELLING YOU TO IN A SONG.

MAYOR WEST

I'LL LEGALIZE MARIJUANA / 'CAUSE YOU

TOLD ME TO IN A SONG!

ALL/CHORUS

'CAUSE HE SANG A SONG! AND DID SOME

STUFF! / AND IT WAS ENOUGH! TO

CONVINCE US... OF STUFF!

After the final note, we **CUT TO** GONZO in a letter O, blowing a **trumpet.** A CHICKEN comes out. He looks at the trumpet, puzzled.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

**EXT./ESTAB. CITY HALL - DAY**

**INT. MAYOR WEST'S OFFICE - SAME**

Mayor West sits at his desk, holding a pen. A group of REPORTERS and AIDES surrounds him.

MAYOR WEST

As mayor of Quahog, I hereby sign into law the legalization of marijuana.

The reporters **take pictures** as he signs the paper, then takes out a baggie full of pot, sprinkles it on the paper, rolls the paper up, and lights it like a joint. Everyone **cheers.**

**EXT./ESTAB. CHANNEL 5 NEWS STATION - DAY**

**INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWS DESK - SAME**

TOM TUCKER and DIANE SIMMONS wear casual clothing, and have wan smiles on their faces. They're high.

TOM TUCKER

Good evening, everyone. Our top story: marijuana is now legal in Quahog, and it's made everything... just... just so great. We now go to Tricia Takanawa, for a report on how awesome a flower looks.

**EXT. MEADOW - DAY**

TRICIA TAKANAWA (also high) lies in the grass, looking closely at a flower.

TRICIA TAKANAWA

Tom, I'm lying here, thinking how a flower doesn't <u>know</u> it's a flower. It just <u>is</u> one, you know? I forgot where I was going with this. Tom?

**INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWS DESK - DAY**

TOM TUCKER

Thanks, Tricia. (TO DIANE) Okay, you can read the next one.

DIANE SIMMONS

No, you can.

TOM TUCKER

No, you.

DIANE SIMMONS

Alright, let's both read it together.

TOM/DIANE

Here's Ollie Williams with a BlaccuWeather forecast.

TOM TUCKER

How's the weather look, Ollie?

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

OLLIE WILLIAMS

(VERY CALM) Not too bad.

**INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWS DESK - DAY**

TOM TUCKER

Right on.

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME**

The Griffins, minus Peter, are watching TV. Brian holds a bong.

BRIAN

See, Lois, tell me things in Quahog aren't better now.

LOIS

It's just weird, Brian. I still don't think I'm comfortable with the whole idea.

BRIAN

Look, Lois, ever since marijuana was legalized, crime has gone down, productivity is up, and homely people are getting laid. You're welcome, Meg.

LOIS

I know, but selling pot at movie theaters?

**EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY (CUTAWAY)**

TWO GUYS walk out of a movie theater.

GUY #1

Hey, that Dane Cook movie was totally bearable.

GUY #2

Totally bearable.

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)**

CHRIS

And I'm earning lotsa money on my pot route.

**EXT. SPOONER STREET - MORNING (FLASHBACK)**

Chris pedals his bike down the street, throwing small baggies of marijuana onto customers' doorsteps. He passes HERBERT and throws him a baggie.

CHRIS

Morning, Mr. Herbert.

HERBERT

Mornin', Chris. Wanna take a hit off my dong?

CHRIS

You mean your bong?

HERBERT

What's that, now?

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)**

LOIS

Yeah, but Peter's so baked lately he can hardly set up a cutaway.

**WIDEN TO INCLUDE** Peter, who is standing there, very high.

PETER

Man, this is better than... no wait, worse than... better-- I dunno. Here's the "My Left Foot" guy gettin' cut off in traffic.

**INT./EXT. CHRISTY BROWN'S CAR - DAY (CUTAWAY)**

CHRISTY BROWN (the handicapped protagonist from "My Left Foot") drives his car, steering with his left foot. He's suddenly cut off by another car.

CHRISTY BROWN

Watch it, jerkwad!

Christy sticks his left foot out the window and flips off the other driver with his middle toe.

**EXT./ESTAB. SPOONER STREET - DAY**

**EXT. SPOONER STREET - DAY**

Peter walks down the sidewalk.

PETER

(HUMMING JAUNTY TUNE) Ya-teh-tah-teh-

too-too-too. Ya-teh-tah-tah-tah-dee.

Suddenly a black limo **pulls up** and THREE GOONS emerge. They throw a hood on Peter's head and **beat him senseless** before **dragging** him into the limo.

**INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS**

The goons pull the hood off Peter's head, and Peter sees that he's in the limo with CARTER PEWTERSCHMIDT.

CARTER

Hello, Griffin.

PETER

Mr. Pewterschmidt? Hey, how you been?

CARTER

Not good.

PETER

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Wow, a limo, huh? (THEN, NOTICING) Hey, are these Diet Rites just to take?

CARTER

No! Those are my Diet Rites. Now, listen Griffin, thanks to your dog's stupid marijuana crusade, people are using hemp for everything: fabric, fuel... and paper. Which means I'm losing billions in timber dollars. I had to sell my Natalie Imbruglia records. I was still working on memorizing all the words.

**INT. PEWTERSCHMIDT LIVING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)**

Carter sits in his living room, singing, with headphones on.

CARTER

I'M ALL OUT OF LOVE/ GUESS I'LL GET SOME MORE... MAYBE LATER ON, AFTER I GET GAS.

**INT. CARTER'S LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO PRESENT)**

CARTER

I'm losing money, and it's your dog's fault! Now I have to get hemp illegalized again, and the only way to do that is to start a fear campaign, designed to turn people against pot. Will you help me?

PETER

Gosh, Mr. Pewterschmidt, I could never go against Brian like that.

CARTER

I'll give you this light up, butterfly yo-yo.

PETER

(GASPS) To keep?!

CARTER

Not to keep! You can use it today, and one more day in the summer.

PETER

Yeah!

CARTER

(TO DRIVER) Pull over.

**EXT. SPOONER STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The goons drag Peter out of the car, throw the hood over his head, and **beat him senseless** again. They pull the hood back off Peter's head, get back in the car, and drive away.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY**

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME**

There's a **videocamera whirring** in the corner. Peter is dressed like a hippie, sitting on the couch. Carter sits next to him, also dressed like a hippie.

PETER

(STIFFLY) Hey, fellow beatnik, I'm

gonna go smoke a doobie.

CARTER

(EQUALLY STIFF) Don't do that,

something bad might happen.

Peter waves him off and crosses out of frame.

PETER (O.S.)

Okay. I'm currently enjoying a

marijuana cigarette. (BEAT) Oh crap!

Oh dear god!

Peter runs back in frame, wearing a mask featuring an actual photo of Adrien Brody's face.

PETER

Aaaah! I'm a monster!

Peter produces a gun and puts it up to his temple (behind the Adrien Brody mask). He **fires** the gun, blowing blood and brains out from behind the other side of the mask.

**EXT. SKATEBOARD RAMP - DAY**

Again, there's a videocamera running. Carter is at the top of the ramp with a skateboard.

PETER

What's the point of this again,

Carter?

CARTER

We're gonna make a viral YouTube video. I'm gonna pull a sweet trick and everybody will watch it and give it five stars.

Carter gets on his board and launches down the ramp, but rapidly loses his balance and **slams** into the pavement. He turns to the camera.

CARTER

(TERSE, ANNOYED) Pot's bad!

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Again, there's a videocamera running. Peter sits at a table with two soda cans in front of him.

PETER

(TO CAMERA) Hi, how you doin'? (OPENS FIRST SODA CAN) This is your brain. Pretty cool, right? Well, this is your brain on drugs.

Peter takes the other soda can and shakes it violently. He opens it, **spraying** the soda everywhere.

CARTER (O.S.)

Not my Diet Rites! Not my Diet Rites!

(RUNNING INTO FRAME) Gimme tha--

Those are my Diet Rites!

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY**

We **PULL OUT** to see that the above scene was playing on the Griffins' TV, while Peter, Carter and Lois were watching. Carter turns the TV off.

CARTER

(TO LOIS) What do you think?

LOIS

I don't know, you two. I don't think your campaign is gonna work.

CARTER

If it doesn't, I'm gonna have to try something else.

PETER

Well, it wouldn't be the first time I failed at something. Like the time I was asked to keep a celebrity's secret.

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Peter talks on the phone.

PETER

(INTO PHONE) Don't tell anyone you're gay? But, Vin Diesel, it's okay to be gay, Vin Diesel-- Vin Diesel, if you'd shut your gay mouth for one sec-- You're comin' through loud and gay, Vin Diesel-- Fine, Vin Diesel, I will not tell anyone, Vin Diesel, that you, Vin Diesel, are gay. And a bottom.

**EXT./ESTAB. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Carter stands, waiting, as Brian and Stewie approach.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

CARTER

Hello, Brian. You're looking good. Nice shiny coat.

Brian's tail wags involuntarily.

BRIAN

Don't try and butter me up, Carter.

Why did you call me here?

CARTER

Come inside. There's something I want to show you.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

They enter and Carter turns on the light, revealing hundreds of thousands of hardbound books.

BRIAN

What's this?

CARTER

It's your novel, Brian. "Faster Than the Speed of Love." Ready to ship out tomorrow. All you have to do is publicly come out against pot. (RE: PAPER) Here, I even wrote you a speech.

BRIAN

(READING) "Arf arf, say no to weed, arf arf."

CARTER

You're a dog. I was trying to capture your voice.

STEWIE

You're pretty close, actually.

BRIAN

Listen Carter, I'm not gonna take your bribe. I don't care if you printed a million copies--

CARTER

I printed two million. And I read your manuscript, personally. I was up all night with it.

BRIAN

Oh yeah? What'd you think?

CARTER

I'm not gonna tell you unless you play ball.

BRIAN

Dammit, Pewterschmidt! (THEN) Is there an author's photo?

CARTER

I commissioned an oil painting.

Carter shows Brian a copy. On the back is an idealized portrait of Brian with blue eyes and a full, muscular chest.

CARTER

(RE: FRONT OF BOOK) And what's this? Is this an Oprah Book Club sticker? I think it is!

BRIAN

Wait, really? Oh my god.

CARTER

Plus, I can get you a night in bed with Oprah.

BRIAN

(NOT INTERESTED) Ehhhh...

CARTER

Okay, just the sticker, then. What do you say? Is it a deal?

STEWIE

You don't have to sell out like this, Brian. (DEEP BREATH, UNCONVINCING) Your novel is good enough to be published on its merits.

BRIAN

You think so?

STEWIE

(THROUGH GRITTED TEETH) You bet.

BRIAN

What do you like about it?

STEWIE

Oh, you know... the whole page thing... the way you can stick a bookmark in there and know where you left off... the way the first letter of each chapter is like, giant.

CARTER

This is your shot, Brian. You can be a superstar author. All you gotta do is make an anti-pot speech.

Brian considers this. He doesn't know what he's going to do.

**FLIP TO:**

**EXT. QUAHOG CITY PARK - ANTI-POT RALLY - DAY**

Brian, standing in front of a CROWD, concludes singing.

BRIAN

...AND THAT'S WHY POT IS BAD!

CROWD

Boo, pot! Boo!

**ANGLE ON** Mayor West, who addresses the crowd.

MAYOR WEST

I've heard all I need to make an informed decision. Marijuana is hereby illegal!

CROWD

Yay!

PERFORMANCE ARTIST (O.S.)

It's gone!

JEFFREY (O.S.)

I know!

PERFORMANCE ARTIST (O.S.)

Hooray!

**EXT./ESTAB. BARNES AND NOBLE - DAY**

There's a sign that reads: "Pretty Much Where Homeless People Live Nowadays."

**EXT. OUT FRONT OF BARNES AND NOBLE - DAY**

Brian and Stewie approach.

BRIAN

Wow, my first book signing. Okay, stay close when we go in there, because I might get mobbed. I don't want to lose you.

**INT. BARNES AND NOBLE - A LITTLE LATER**

Brian sits, bored, surrounded by copies of his novel. There is absolutely no one there to get a book signed. A CLERK approaches.

CLERK

I don't get it. Even the chronic masturbators are staying away. Usually at least they show up, if only just to memorize what you look like for next time they masturbate.

BRIAN

I'm sure the, uh, masturbators will get here soon.

A MAN approaches and picks up a copy of Brian's book.

MAN

Oh, this is perfect.

He turns around and uses it to **smash a fly** on a nearby wall.

BRIAN

You can keep that.

MAN

Nah, it's got fly guts all over it.

Another Man (MAN #2) enters.

MAN #2

WORTHLESS BOOK FIGHT!

PEOPLE swarm in, grab copies of Brian's book and **throw** them at each other, gleefully. Brian sighs, defeated.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY**

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME**

The Griffin family is watching television.

**INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWS DESK - DAY (ON TV)**

Tom Tucker and Diane Simmons are back to normal.

TOM TUCKER

Coming up: the brand new novel that's doggone lousy. But first, our top story: marijuana is once again illegal in Quahog. How do you feel about that Ollie?

**ANGLE ON** an uptight, outraged Ollie Williams.

OLLIE WILLIAMS

(ANGUISHED ROAR)

Ollie begins to eat part of the studio set.

**ANGLE BACK ON** Tom and Diane.

TOM TUCKER

Thanks, Ollie.

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)**

Brian turns off the television.

BRIAN

I can't believe it. I sold out everything I believed in and I have nothing to show for it. My book's a bomb.

PETER

Yeah, but look on the bright side, Brian: you established an independent treasury, annexed Texas, made the English sell the Oregon Territory, and your inauguration was the first one to have been reported by telegraph.

BRIAN

Peter, I think you're thinking of James K. Polk, our nation's eleventh president.

PETER

Oh yeah. (BEAT) Hehe. Polk.

**END OF SHOW**